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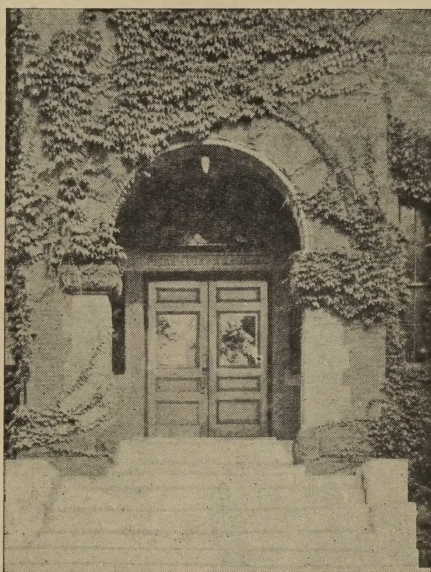
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Pinkerton




*"O Pinkerton, we hail thee
Facing the eastern light"*

DERRY VILLAGE
NEW HAMPSHIRE





EDITORIAL



CHEATING

An article published in a popular magazine recently reported a survey at the University of Texas, and made the startling discovery that 68% of the students cheat in their final exams. Of this 68%, 8.9% of them cheat constantly.

The various methods the students used to cheat were discussed.

The most popular, and easiest, was just looking at your neighbor's paper. Next to that came "the writing on your cuffs." Some students went to very expensive means to get the correct answers. For only \$35, a wrist watch could be purchased and by just turning the stem, one can see all the notes taken for the whole semester. The saddle shoes are as popular as ever, mainly because the students are able to write their answers on the white part of the shoe.

The school newspaper said that cheating may not be fair, but at least it's democratic.

This article will, no doubt, give students a few more ways of cheating, but perhaps they could add a few more which have not been mentioned. Actually what does a person get out of cheating? You say better marks, but during your high school years you're supposed to gain a background that will help you in later life. If you have cheated your way through school, what will happen to you? Failure is the only answer. Remember in the end, you hurt absolutely no one but yourself.

The Editor

THERE IS ONE LIKE HIM IN EVERY CLASS

The Twice-paid Comedian

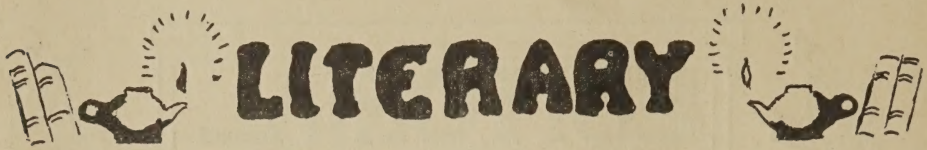
No matter where you are, or where you may go, you will always find him. Yes, there is always this type of person. He is the one who thinks he must take it upon himself to add the comedy element to the class room.

Although he is never outwardly applauded by the clapping of hands, he still seems to get a great deal of enjoyment out of the laughter and uproar he causes. This fellow may not realize it, but he pays dearly for these acts.

When the marking period comes to an end, and his marks are recorded, he is never the one to be on the honor roll. Then, too, when he becomes older and assumes responsibilities, he will wish he had worked harder in school that he might have an opportunity for a better position.

No, I don't think I want to become a comedian in school. The price is too high. Yet, there is one like him in every class. It is easy to see that he pays twice in his youth, and later when he has forgotten all about his school days.

William Hessinius '50



ON BEING AN UNCLE

Being an uncle may be a joy or it may be a headache. In my particular case it is the latter. I am in the unfortunate position where I either suffer in silence, while my energetic nephews and nieces form and execute new plans for mischief, or I take the liberty of administering justice. If, however, I hand out discipline, I find myself immediately at odds with my sister, who likes to picture herself as the supreme power in these matters. This has been illustrated time and time again.

On one occasion, I happened to catch my little niece "red-handed" in the act of pushing her baby brother's face in the mud. Being naturally indignant, I took the opportunity of placing several well-aimed spanks on my niece's posterior. Instead of being congratulated for my disciplinary action, however, I was chided by my sister for "my interference."

In another instance, my nephew managed to get into the family automobile and spent the remainder of the afternoon turning switches and pulling knobs. When I objected, I was promptly told by the proud mother of the young hellion that no harm would be done, and that I was foolish to suggest that there would be any. The next morning, I enjoyed my secret triumph when the car was found to have a dead battery, plus other small injuries. I could state many other examples of this state of affairs, but in each case, the parent-uncle friction is the same.

To avoid future disagreement on the subject, I am going to adopt an attitude wherein I leave the matter of reprimanding entirely up to the parents. Then, if little honeybunch pours paint over the new linoleum or Junior spreads tacks over the bathroom floor, I will simply grit my teeth and look the other way.

Richard Kimball '47

NOW ON MY SHIP

"My ship," "My ship,"—never, never, do you hear "Our ship." From New York to Frisco, South America to Hawaii, Guam to Iwo, Shanghai to Tokyo, all you hear is "My ship." Every gob thinks his ship is better than all others whether he's on a barge or a carrier, it's always the same. The chow is better, the duty is easier or harder according to the argument. The officers are good Joes, the ship has more fame. All this and a little heaven according to every gob.

Each gob thinks he knows more about a ship than the captain because it's his ship, and he knows her. He treats it as nice as his best girl. To hear him talk you'd think that he had built the thing. My ship was here; my ship was there, my ship, MY SHIP, (Sorry, I didn't mean to go on that way, but it's enough to drive a man insane.)

For all the talk, soon everyone is believing the old boys, but there is one fellow who never believed them, no sir-ee. That boy is old R. L., himself. Do you know why? Well, I'll tell you.

You take my ship for instance.....

Ray Levesque '47

SPRING FEVER

About this time every year, you hear a great deal of talk about "spring fever." Like almost all others, I presumed that spring fever was a case of someone being more than usually happy and carefree. Unfortunately I found out differently.

The other morning, which was a bright spring morning, I arose and looked out the window. The sun was shining brightly and the atmosphere suggested a care-free day to come.

I went downstairs, cheerfully singing (off key as usual), and bidding a cheerful "good morning" to everyone.

Ugh! What a cheerful (?) reception I got. My brother's face was a mile long. I asked, "What's the matter with you?" Then I soon found out.

"Lee," my mother said sweetly, "we are going to do some spring cleaning today."

Suddenly I remembered. My mother was afflicted with "spring fever" in the worst imaginable way. It made her desire to see the inside of the house as bright and sunny as the outside world. What a case of "spring fever"!!

For some reason my happy spirits of the morning began to decline and by the end of the day, I also had a peculiar case of spring fever—"Mopitis" or a savage hate of all household cleaning equipment. No wonder!

Jean MacKinnon '47

MONDAY MORNINGS

I am a confirmed member of the I. H. M. M. Club (I hate Monday mornings). The views that are expressed in the following document are for the most part contained in the club charter. So much for formality, on with the gripes.

First of all, the reason that it is hard to rise and shine Monday is that Sunday precedes Monday. Almost everybody sleeps late on Sunday and you expect to on Monday. It would do no good to place Sunday in the middle of the week as many people have suggested, for then Wednesday would be your Monday. This may sound like double-talk, but if it is read slowly it will become as clear as Monday morning.

Another reason which causes Monday to be so horrible is the sub-conscious mind. This part of a person's mind is one of the best and also the worst. Sunday night when you hit the sack for your nine hours of pillow pounding, this region of the brain is the cause for the Monday morning "blues." Your mind will wander to the week ahead which will spoil the desire of arising in the morning. My solution to this problem is to open school at half-past twelve every Monday morning. This year it would be wonderful in the month of March as there are five Mondays.

Cecil Taylor '48

ON WEIGHING IN PUBLIC

Have you ever seen a rather large woman weigh herself in a retail store? It is really an amusing sight to see.

Sometimes the lady prefers to weigh herself without her coat since it takes a fairly large coat to cover a large woman.

Off comes the coat, and she places it on a nearby seat or counter. She then fumbles in her pocketbook for a penny to drop into the scales. While searching in her purse, she makes a spectacle of herself in turning many heads in her direction. She hears a few snickers and her face becomes flushed with embarrassment.

She finds the penny and promptly drops it into the machine. The dial shoots up from zero to one hundred and ninety-five pounds. Now, this very same woman who was so timid about all the foregoing steps lets out a horrified gasp over having gained three-quarters of a pound. She quickly grabs her coat, puts it on and hurriedly rushes out of the store.

You may have noticed a man weighing himself; he makes no issue of it, as he doesn't care to hide his true weight from public eyes.

Does he gasp and groan over a few pounds' gain? No, but why? Well, he doesn't have a figure to worry about like us women. After all, aren't men supposed to be all muscle and brawn?

Joyce Cooper '48

CARRYING AN UMBRELLA

Rain, rain, rain—won't it ever stop? It's been raining now for a week. You can't go anywhere unless you carry along an umbrella with you.

Carrying an umbrella is one of the things I hate to do. If it is a windy day, the wind practically takes you and your umbrella for a joy-ride. When the rain is coming down in all sorts of directions, you try to angle your umbrella around to keep the rain from hitting you.

There are all kinds of umbrellas—small ones, big ones, bright ones, dull ones, grandpop ones, and transparent ones. Some have bright pictures on them; others don't have anything.

But no matter how pretty they are, you still have a struggle in navigating the thing. Someday, I am going to learn to carry the umbrella instead of the umbrella's carrying me.

Betty Thayer '48

SKIING

As soon as the first snow falls, I become a slightly raving maniac in my enthusiasm for skiing. Of course my common sense tells me to wait until we get at at least four inches of snow before I attempt to show my ability on two "barrel staves."

Finally there is a nice thick crust with about three inches of powder snow on top.

The first free moment I have, I grab my skiing equipment which is widely varied, and I "move to the hills."

I notice that all the children are skiing on the lower slope and since I am practically an "adult," I climb to higher levels.

With great enthusiasm, I harness myself to the skis and with a slight push, away I go.

Now in the middle of the field is one long tree. It is at least ten yards from the ski trail. So, I simply ignore it—what a sad mistake!

Somehow, I got off the trail and started sliding toward that very tree.

Now you've probably seen cartoons of ski tracks, one on either side of the tree, and wondered how they do it. Just ask me. I am one of the few who have done it. The only trouble is, on the side of the tree is a little marker.

This marker states simply that one poor innocent skier forgot to miss that one lone tree.

Phyllis Willey '48

PEOPLE!

I am told that it takes all kinds to make up a world. It doesn't take long to realize this when you work in a store.

There is the superior type. You try to show him a special cut of meat and he always says, "That's no good! How about that other piece?" You show him this piece, knowing it is only fit for hamburg meat. Lo and behold! He wants it. In his estimation, it is the best piece of meat on the whole critter.

The penny-pincher has been all over town looking at these oranges and those tomatoes, now pinching this and squeezing that. Very politely you explain the qualities of your product. After about ten minutes debating, she says she is sorry to have troubled you and dashes off down the road to the "Cracker Box" where she saw tomatoes a half a cent cheaper.

The shy, milk-toast type slips quietly into the store and speaking so that you can barely hear him, he asks timidly, "If it isn't too much bother, what is the price of cheese?" You ask him if he would like to taste it to see if he wants that kind. He answers very quickly, "Oh, no! I don't want to be a bother." Taking the nearest cheese he nervously leaves.

The bargain-hunter is a sight to behold. When she arrives, she proceeds to paw over everything. She picks up all the bargains, but does she ever trade with you? No! Of course not. She's still bargain hunting.

Of the beat-you-down type, this is typical: "Say, you, this can is dented. You ought to sell it to me cheaper. Nobody'll buy a dented can." Another statement is this one: "Don't I get a discount for buying so much at one time?" He can't seem to realize the groceryman has had to pay the full price, when he got it from the wholesaler.

Another buyer we mustn't miss is this one. "Those cookies, you know down at the "Corner Market," they sell for six cents cheaper." All this time you realize they are of inferior quality, for that salesman came to your store too and you would have nothing to do with his cheap stuff.

The one who comes to the store minus the grocery list is a sketch. "Oh dear! What did I want? John, do we have any bread at home? We have. Oh. Was it coffee that we needed? Not that, either. I remember! Sugar, that's it! Where's the stamp? What? You left it home. Whatever for, you know we were coming to the store. Go home this minute and get it!"

A groceryman's dream is the ideal customer. One who knows what he wants, never complains or grumbles about prices and talks pleasantly. If he can't get the article he is looking for, he will accept a good substitute and can make up his mind himself. He can recognize good quality when he sees it and doesn't try to tell you it's good when you know the qualities of the products. Of course, you've guessed it by now, the ideal customer does not exist!!!

Nancy Rand '48

GETTING READY FOR A PARTY

We find our young Donna frantically running around the house in search of eggs. Exactly two hours before the crucial moment of all her fifteen years is to take place, and she's looking for eggs!

"Mom, have you any eggs? Yes, eggs, you know, those oval things that hens lay. Now, don't get huffy! All I'm going to do is give myself a facial. I read all about it in my new glamour magazine, *Facial Fantasies*, and I think it is a wonderful idea! You're just old-fashioned, that's all!"

"Oh, you darling, you got the eggs for me! Thanks ever so much. Yes, I'm perfectly sure it's safe. If Greta Stardust, the great actress, can do this, I guess I can."

"Let's see now, first you take one double yoke egg and beat to a froth. Mix a little rubbing alcohol to this mixture, then heat to about seventy-five degrees fahrenheit, then proceed to spread on face. Do this carefully, and be sure to keep the mixture out of your eyes.

"There, now it's on. Golly, it feels sort of stiff! The magazine says to be sure not to wrinkle your forehead because the wrinkles might stay. This is supposed to stay on twenty minutes. I guess I'll set the alarm and take a short nap while I'm waiting. I must be sure to get right up as soon as the alarm rings because they say this is very hard to get off if you leave it on over the specified amount of time."

"What's the matter? What happened? Golly, Mom, I'm sure glad you awakened me. What in the world are you screaming for? (runs and looks in the mirror) My face, my face! (Mother faints). Now mom, you don't have to faint just because my face is turning a little purple. It is a little extraordinary though, I'll have to admit. Where is your scrubbing brush? I'll see if I can get some of this stuff off. I wonder if Greta Stardust ever had to go through this to be beautiful."

Nyla Stowe '49

BABY SITTER, FIRST CLASS

Want to know how to be a baby sitter? Well, it's no easy task, especially when the "babies" are two robust young boys of six and five years. Heaven only knows why they call it "sitting." You are on your feet every minute, unless some little **darling** has left his toy truck on the stairs—then you are sitting.

First, after running yourself thin, you get them in. Next, you prepare their supper. One wants eggs and one wants soup. They will never agree, so what do you do? You use all the saucepans in the house.

According to the "babies," their mother left explicit instructions that some stories be read before bedtime. They demand some wild and wooly stories of wolves and dragons that keep their little hearts aflutter until hours after they are supposed to be asleep.

A threat that you will never take care of them again will **sometimes** make them undress and go to bed.

Finally, your employer comes home. A tired smile and fifty cents is yours for your "trouble."

Patricia Coburn '49

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE

One dismal day, while lounging in the living room, I heard the mailman at the door. I rushed out to see what he had brought—nothing but an old advertisement and the usual bills.

"Well," thought I, "I might as well read the advertisement." Opening the folder, I read, "Join the Book-of-the-Month Club. Become intelligent and widely read! People will look up to you!"

This thought haunted me all through dinner, and as soon as dishes were done, I made a bee-line to my bookcase, bent upon reading something intellectual. Finding nothing here to fill the bill, I hurried to the attic, burrowed my way through ten years of accumulated junk, and dug out an ancient copy of Shakespeare. This I proceeded to absorb, but try as I would, I could make nothing of it. Doggedly; I kept at it until I was thoroughly exhausted.

It was five o'clock when I finally woke up, and supper was nearly ready. I jumped up and hurried out to the kitchen where my mother handed me a new comic-book. Immediately I began consuming it, and though I know comic-books will never get me anywhere, I have decided to save the deeper reading for a few years hence. For the present, I have decided to stick to the old saying, "Ignorance is Bliss."

Joanne Merrill '50

MOTHER AND CHILD IN MY FATHER'S STORE

The door opens and a mother and her young child enter the quiet store. The little boy has a mischievous glint in his eye and is wearing a once-spotless suit. His mother is reasonably young and is wearing a harassed look.

Usually she starts in at once by saying, "Now don't you touch anything, Junior," and immediately she proceeds to finger all the merchandise herself. Poor, bewildered Junior stands by for a moment and starts wandering off. After a moment, Mamma comes to and yells, "Junior! come back here. Now if you don't stop running off I'll never take you shopping again!" Peace for a moment. Then Junior spies something he wants and sets up a great howl. Says Momma, "No, you can't have that! Stop crying or I'll take you home." More screams from Junior. "Now listen if you don't stop it, that man (pointing to my father, who is very fond of children) will get you!" (Dad is a regular stand-in for the bogeyman).

By the time the shopping excursion is over, Junior is running up and down the aisles and in back of the counters, yelling at the top of his sweet little voice, while Momma has long since given up any attempt at controlling him. They leave. A vast sigh of relief goes up from the clerks.

Helen Small '49



Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Station S-E-N-I-O-R

At the sound of the gong it will be Senior watch time. Ding-dong.

The Seniors wish to present the latest news of the Senior class at Pinkerton Academy.

The Seniors have nominated a committee for the Alumni Ball. They are as follows: Robert Laney, Phyllis Richardson, and Fred Piper.

The captain of Senior boys' basketball team is Thomas Bickford; the manager is Roland Shackford.

Flash! Lucy Bailey leads the Senior girls' basketball team; Kathleen Gagnon is manager.

The Senior class has decided to have a class program. The committee has been chosen. They are Kermit Shepard, chairman, Phyllis Richardson and Paul Curtis.

Flash! The Senior play, A Case of Springtime, was a great success due to the director, Miss Abbott, and the cast, which is as follows:

Mr. Parker	Roland Shackford
Mrs. Parker	Eleanor Bliss
Bob Parker	Harry Banfill
Betty Parker	Jean MacKinnon
Dick Parker	Kermit Shepard
Joan Abernaker	Ramona Tinkham
Eddie Abernaker	Willis Spaulding
Gwen	Shirley Pressey
Mr. Abernaker	Paul Curtis
Louella	Phyllis Spafford
Mrs. Brunswick	Dorcas Caron
Mrs. James	Phyllis Richardson
Mrs. Hill	Frieda Gaskill
Plain Clothesman	Harold Greeley
Miss Bright	Pauline Marquis

Around Christmas time the Seniors were kept busy exchanging pictures.

The Seniors have five students on the Varsity boys' and girls' basketball teams. Pauline Marquis is the Captain of girls' varsity. Eleanor Martel is a good forward. Kenneth Hartman is the Captain of boys' varsity basketball. Joseph Curtis and Louis Kachavos have proved to be valuable players from the Senior class.

Flash! We wish to interrupt the news program to bring you some gossip of the Senior class.

Pauline Marquis and Norman Merizon are engaged.

William Mauzy is now at Bainbridge, Maryland. He will be remembered as our football captain.

We wish to welcome our new class members. They seem to be getting along quite well with our bashful (?) boy and our class wit. Thayer, I guess is getting to be a family affair. Thayer-Piper, Inc. Manchester Central has decided to pick her own. Huh! Shack.

Two of our East Derry-Ites have finally come to recognize each other in the wilds of East Derry. Everything is Bliss (ful) and Budd (ing).

The deep dark secret that has been mystifying the Senior class is these initials—W. P. T. B. T. We wonder who could tell us what they mean?

And now, my dear listeners, we leave you. Tune in again.

Avis Carey '47

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

This is Joanne Butterfield, your announcer, taking over for Avis Carey.

February 7, the Juniors put on the most enjoyable Prom held in their three years at Pinkerton Academy. Decorated in the class colors, blue and white, this was made possible by the following persons: Phyllis Willey, Channing Hamer, Aubrey Oikle, and Joyce Cooper. Those responsible for refreshments were Phyllis George, Patricia Blanchard, Betty Thayer, and Pauline Hall. Douglas Clark, Margaret Fogarty, Lorraine Marquis and Joanne Butterfield took care of the invitations. Jimmy Wiley's orchestra was invited to play by a committee composed of Arthur LaPorte, Channing Hamer, Barbara Martel, and Joyce Cooper.

The ushers were Betty Thayer, Phyllis George, Leona Latulippe, Lorraine Marquis, Carolyn Nutt, George Mauzy, Kenneth Mason, Robert Kelley, Warren Pillsbury and John Palmer.

The theme was based on popular songs. With songs and their illustrations on the walls, it was a lovely sight. On the stage was an open book of the words and the music of the song, **For Sentimental Reasons**. Yards and yards of twisted streamers covered the ceiling. The class cheer with illustrations covered the wall over the fireplace.

As sports are always an interesting subject, our minds turn to basketball. The Junior boys are fighting hard for the Championship in inter-class basketball with Aubrey Oikle as captain. Those on the Varsity are Channing Hamer, Arthur LaPorte, and George Mauzy.

In girls' inter-class basketball, Pauline Hall is captain and Phyllis Patnaude acts as manager. Jackie Legendre is the only Junior girl on the Varsity Squad. Phyllis George was chosen for Manager of the Varsity for next year.

Now for some idle gossip. Why does Dotsie's heart "Skip" rather queerly these days?

We wonder why Hartman doesn't leave that blonde Junior girl's "Aiken" heart alone.

That basketball player, Mary, hasn't any little lamb. (She has a little wolf!) I heard recently that Deborah has a new car (son).

It's rumored a certain Freshman boy gives piano lessons to a Junior lass and receives tap-dancing lessons from her.

Joanne Butterfield '48

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Well, hello! This is Miss I. Knowit broadcasting right from Pinkerton Academy. Yes, this week we are broadcasting from the Sophomore room.

First of all, our weekly grand prize goes to Johnny Ratay for his excellent composition on "Why Onie likes Junior boys." Don't ask me where he suddenly acquired the literary ability.

I've heard that the Sophomore girls are working pretty hard in basketball. With Leona Morrill for captain and Alice Scholz as manager, they are doing their best.

Jimmy Dougan has been leading the boys as captain in class basketball.

The Sophomores are really proud that Bill Hepworth is captain of the Jayvees and is doing such a good job at it.

Hmmm! Please, Barbara, we know that history is your favorite subject, but don't carry your enthusiasm for it too far. Just work out your extra energy playing basketball.

Of course, there are many things we don't know, too. For instance, who can tell why Babs and Harry sat out so many dances at the Prom. Could it be—?!!

And listeners! Now we have the dope on Marge's latest. She has been frequently seen taking in the local high spots with Scottie. Now you know.

It would also be interesting to mention something about Cammie on this program, but we are afraid her interests will change before we go off the air.

Ginger certainly sticks by blondes. But even for Everett she hasn't taken all those names off her books and things. Well, maybe it's too much work.

You know, we don't think that it is entirely for the purpose of improving her mind that Nyla is taking up Latin on the side. He speaks English, too, Nyla!

We're sure that if each class elected jesters, the two "admirals," Ted and Glenn, would be chosen unanimously. At least they would get paid for it that way.

The next grand prize will be awarded to the person writing the best composition in fifty words or less on why Paul has no interest in girls. Just mail your entry to this station, and we will take care of it.

Now just a few words from our sponsor—

Irene Muzzey '49

FRESHMAN NOTES

Hello, everybody! This is station F-R-E-S-H-M-A-N, broadcasting from the Freshman Building.

Well, here it is time to give with more news.

We have chosen our class officers. They are President, Harry Piper; Vice President, Betty Chadwick; Treasurer, Robert Dumont, and Secretary, Kitty Graham. Mary Lou Hodgdon and Thomas Bailey were chosen for the Student Council.

Blue and red are the class colors and we had the thrill of seeing the class banner for the first time at the Junior Prom. Betty Chadwick, Shirley Thompson and Elizabeth Rand made the banner under the direction of Aileen Goodheart.

The Freshman basketball team elected Gladys Carter as its captain and Barbara Hall, manager.

Well, folks, I guess it's about time to wind up this broadcast. That's all the news for now. See you next issue!

Joanne Merrill '50

Boys' Athletic Notes

From the diary of a P. A. sports fan.

November 12—7:00 P. M. Spent the afternoon at the Legion Hall watching the P. A. candidates trying out for the basketball team. There were about 43 fellows driving the balls off the backboard, tossing them into the balcony and in general doing just about everything but playing basketball. During this commotion, Coach McKernan all but re-enlisted before trying to pick out the best fifteen prospective hoopsters. To relieve the pressure, Coach McKernan had hopes centered around the four returning basketball lettermen who were Captain Ken Hartman, Skip Mauzy, Art LaPorte, and Channing Hamer.

November 28—6:30 P. M. I visited the Legion Hall today to see how well the P. A. basketball team was shaping up. By the familiar process of elimination, Coach McKernan had the following players still "bucking" for starting positions. Captain Hartman, Skip Mauzy, Art Laporte, Channing Hamer, Joe Curtis, Cap Tyler, Speed Hodgdon, Ray Caron, Billy Hepworth, Louie Kachavos, Aubrey Oikle, Richard Buckley, Bob Cournoyer, and Tommy Bailey.

December 4—7:30 P. M. I just returned from the Legion Hall where Coach McKernan has the P. A. hoopsters shaped into a team which has prospects. From my observation, the following six players will be tossing the basketball around against the Alumni: Captain Ken Hartman and Channing Hamer as forwards; Skip Mauzy and Art LaPorte as guards; Either Joe Curtis or Cap Tyler as center.

December 6—11 P. M. Got home from a very exciting P. A. basketball game in which P. A. was victorious over the Alumni by a score of 31 to 30. For a first game it was super and the P. A. team looked very promising. The Alumni team consisted of such collegiate stars as George Willey, Bill Levandowski, Frank Allgeyer, Bob Bover, George Kachavos and Ernest Barka.

December 10—11:00 P. M. Home from the Legion Hall where I watched Pinkerton run over Pembroke by a score of 44 to 28.

December 13—11:15 P. M. Tonight P. A. powered through Woodbury for their third straight win by a score of 30 to 18.

December 17—11:30 P. A. had to work a little harder tonight to come out on top of a 37 to 30 decision over Exeter.

December 18—11:45 I traveled down to Salem tonight to see P. A. play Woodbury and was not disappointed because P. A. won its fifth straight victory by a score of 37 to 21.

January 3—11:45 P. A. hoopsters welcomed all the students back from the Christmas vacation by traveling to Pembroke and winning by a 35 to 23 count.

January 4—11:00 P. M. Just returned from an exciting basketball jamboree at Punchard High, Andover. P. A. outscored Johnson High by a close score of 23 to 17.

January 7—11:14 P. M. The P. A. hoopsters welcomed a St. James of Haverhill team by running over them 28 to 13.

January 10—12:00 P. M. P. A. journeyed to Tilton to face their first setback of the season by a score of 58 to 13. P. A. played a hard game but they were up against a far superior team.

January 14—10:30 P. M. Still smarting from defeat, P. A. lost to a fast aggressive Sanborn team by a score of 31 to 17 at Kingston. P. A. is still undefeated in Class B. games.

January 17—10:05 P. M. P. A. hit the stride to pull a tough game out of the fire tonight when they defeated Punchard 29 to 25.

January 21—12:15 P. M. I just got back from Chelmsford where P. A. won its ninth straight Class B game by defeating Chelmsford 45 to 30.

January 24—10:35 P. M. P. A. was out for revenge tonight as they defeated a Sanborn team 34 to 20.

January 30—11:00 P. M. I traveled to Exeter to see P. A. lose its first Class B game at the hands of Exeter, 32 to 31. P. A. lead until the last seconds when Exeter clinched the game with a basket.

February 1—11:15 P. M. Just returned from Haverhill where P. A. played St. James in a basketball game. They really had a tough night, losing 42 to 19.

February 4—10:45 P. M. P. A. really started rolling tonight and downed Chelmsford 42 to 19.

February 11—11:05 P. M. Saw a thriller tonight in which P. A. pulled from behind in the last seconds to win over Tewksbury 30 to 29.

February 14—11:15 P. M. These close games are getting to be a habit with P. A. now. Tonight at Punchard, P. A. again came out on top with a one point margin. The score was 32 to 31.

February 18—11:30 P. M. After pulling from behind in the third quarter, P. A. lead Tewksbury into the final minutes of the game only to lose in the last seconds when Tewksbury dumped in a field goal and a free toss leaving the score P. A. 40, Tewksbury 43.

February 22—12:00 P. M. Went to see the P. A. vs. Tilton game tonight and had to wait two hours before the Tilton team showed up, but it was really worth the wait to see P. A. hold them down to a one point win. Pinkerton 32, Tilton 33.

P. A. had 14 wins and 6 losses. The total score for Pinkerton was 628, and for the opponents 555.

The Jayvees had an undefeated season in Class B. games. The following are the scores of the Jayvee games:

P. A.	37	Woodbury	12
P. A.	37	Exeter	14
P. A.	30	Woodbury	5
P. A.	36	St. James	24
P. A.	22	Tilton Prep	35
P. A.	36	Punchard	16
P. A.	32	Exeter	14
P. A.	33	St. James	11
P. A.	26	Punchard	17

PINKERTON ACADEMY WINS STATE CLASS B TOURNAMENT AT DURHAM

February 26—P. A. coasted to an easy victory over Somersworth by the score of 50 to 27. Ken Hartman and Skip Mauzy were the high scorers, each making 13 points.

February 28—P. A. defeated a highly favored Franklin team 43 to 29. Skip Mauzy lead the scoring with 12 points.

March 1—The final game of the tournament did not prove to be so easy as the others. One setback was the loss, by injury, of the regular center, Joe Curtis, in the first minute of the game. However, Pinkerton came through with a 39 to 34 victory over Groveton, making Pinkerton the Class "B" champions of New Hampshire. This is the first time Pinkerton has won the tournament. Cappy Tyler, taking Joe's position as center, was the high scorer with 12 points to his credit.

After the game, each player was presented a gold basketball and two of the players, Skip Mauzy and Ken Hartman, were chosen for the All-State team. Skip had the additional honor of being captain of the All-State Class "B" team.

Kenneth Hartman '47

Harry Banfill '47

Girls' Athletic Notes

The major sport of the year, basketball, is important because we play outside teams. We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Hackler and Coach McKernan for making it possible for us to have a schedule of nine games. We also wish to thank Miss Morse who coached us.

At our last basketball meeting last year, Pauline Marquis was elected Captain for this season. Her fine sportsmanship is certainly a credit to our team.

Our manager, Shirley Pressey, deserves a great deal of credit for the part she played.

P. A. Defeats Alumnae in Opener

A strong Alumnae team, made up of stars from former Pinkerton teams, was defeated in our opening game of the season. Their lack of practice, perhaps, hindered them some, but they made a good showing. Amy Bunker, Pinkerton's former star, was high scorer, making 14 out of 22 points. The final score was 26 to 22.

P. A. Defeated by Pembroke

Our second game turned out to be a heartbreaker. Pembroke, the only team that defeated us last year, won over us again this year. They outscored us in every period, defeating us 29 to 18.

Also in the return game played at Pembroke, we again went down to defeat by a score of 29 to 26.

P. A. vs. Sanborn

Our second out-of-town game was exciting from the opening minutes. The final score was 17 to 16. It was a close game, and we were leading until the last few minutes in the fourth quarter.

P. A. Defeated by Chelmsford

Our fourth defeat came when Chelmsford outscored us in a fairly close game. Our girls made a very good showing but again went down to defeat. The final score being 22-14.

P. A. Loses to Sanborn

In our return game with Sanborn, our girls made a very good showing and it looked like a win for us, but again Sanborn outscored us in the final minutes of the game. The score was again 17 to 16.

P. A. vs. St. Joseph's

Then came our next game. P. A. again went down to another defeat. It was a good game to the last minute; the final score was 18 to 17.

P. A. Defeated by Chelmsford

Our return game with Chelmsford was played at Derry. It looked like a promising game but again we were pushed out of a win. The score was 18 to 15.

P. A. Wallops Tewksbury

Our second win of the season was over the Tewksbury team. Betty Chadwick, a Freshman, was our high scorer and deserves a lot of credit. The final score, 26 to 19.

Again we were victorious over Tewksbury in our return game. We outscored them in every period and the final score was 20 to 17.

The Pinkerton schedule with scores is as follows:

P. A.	26	Alumnae	22
P. A.	18	Pembroke	29
P. A.	26	Pembroke	29
P. A.	16	Sanborn	17
P. A.	14	Chelmsford	22
P. A.	16	Sanborn	17
P. A.	17	St. Joseph's	18
P. A.	15	Chelmsford	18
P. A.	7	St. Joseph's	12
P. A.	26	Tewksbury	19

School Activities

We have had a busy year in our outside activities this year. Nearly everyone has been in one outside activity or another.

Y-Teens

The name of Girl Reserves has been changed to a more appropriate name, Y-Teens. Miss Abbott is the faculty adviser and the officers for the year are:

President	Phyllis Gratton
Vice President	Pauline Madden
Treasurer	Phyllis George
Secretary	Lorraine Marquis
Program Chairman	Pauline Marquis

Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs

There are many boys and girls in our two Glee Clubs. They are working very hard, and on February 14, the Girls' Glee Club presented a fine program.

The officers:

Boys' Glee Club

President	John Palmer
Vice President	Kenneth Mason
Secretary	Curtis Henderson
Librarian	Robert Thomas
Assistants	Richard Merrill John Pellerin

Girls' Glee Club

President	Phyllis Spafford
Vice President	Avis Brooks
Secretary	Helen Martel
Librarian	Nyla Stowe
Assistants	Leona Morrill Carolyn Hilberg
Pianist	Phyllis Richardson

Student Council

Each year three students from each class are chosen to represent their class in maintaining the high standards in our school and to settle our difficulties in a democratic way.

The following are members of the Council:

Class of 1947 — Paul Curtis, Pauline Marquis, Glenn Allen

Class of 1948 — Arthur LaPorte, Phyllis Willey, Channing Hamer

Class of 1949 — George Tyler, Judy Gibbs, John Bartlett

Class of 1950 — Harry Piper, Mary Hodgdon, Thomas Bailey.

Athletic Association

The Pinkerton Athletic Association makes football, basketball, and baseball games possible. It is recognized as one of the most important organizations in the school.

The officers are as follows:

President	Kenneth Hartman
Vice President	Shirley Pressey
Secretary	Dorcas Caron
Treasurer	George Mauzy
Faculty Adviser	Coach McKernan

Lettermen's Association

The Lettermen are those who have earned letters playing in sports.

President	Kenneth Hartman
Vice President	Robert Laney
Secretary	George Mauzy
Treasurer	Arthur LaPorte
Faculty Adviser	Coach McKernan

Letterwomen's Association

The letterwomen are those girls who have earned their letters in outside activities.

The officers:

President	Shirley Pressey
Vice President	Eleanor Martel
Secretary	Dorcas Caron
Treasurer	Ramona Tinkham

Future Farmers of America

Members of this club are boys who are taking the Agriculture course. Through the help of Mr. Conner and the following officers, they are getting help and experience in farm work:

President	Richard Van Dyne
Vice President	John Ratay
Secretary	Leroy Scott
Treasurer	Richard Kelley
Reporter	Carl Weston

Cheerleaders

Although the cheerleaders are not recognized as a club, they undoubtedly have done one of the finest pieces of group work in school.

Under our capable head cheerleader, Dorcas Caron, the girls have planned, rehearsed, and led the cheers at every football and basketball game we have played this year.

The cheerleaders who have done such a fine job:

Dorcas Caron

Beverly Parks	Phyllis George
Shirley Pressey	Anna Dawn Eaton
Lorraine Marquis	Betty Thayer
Avis Brooks	Phyllis Willey

Substitutes:

Elaine Rand	Patricia Butterfield
-------------	----------------------

Science Club

A new club was started this year by our science teacher, Mr. Rohanick. All those who are interested in science enjoy the club, because it helps them to discover the many wonders of science.

The officers are:

President	Paul Curtis
Vice President	Warren Pillsbury
Secretary-Treasurer	Carolyn Nutt

Latin Club

A Latin club has been formed this year for all those who are interested.

The officers are:

President	Nancy Rand
Vice President	Robert Donegan
Secretary-Treasurer	Irene Muzzey
Guard	Joan Thacher
Faculty Adviser	Miss McIntyre

Alumni Notes

MARRIAGES

- Miss Barbara Wheeler '46, to Samuel Low '45.
Miss Irene Butterfield '46, to George Hicks '46.
Miss Ruth Sullivan '40, to Lt. George Simitsi, New York.
Miss Lorraine LaVoie, Derry, to Leonard Simpson, '42.
Miss Esther Robie, '42, to Norman Holden, Chester.

ENGAGEMENTS

- Miss Antoinette Matarazzo '46, to Ralph Permanteo.
Miss Lurlene Gordon '36, to Stephen Cole, Lebanon.
Miss Ethel Gross '44, to Howard Goralnick, Haverhill, Mass.

NECROLOGY

Mr. John T. Bartlett died at Boulder, Colorado. He was a native of Raymond and graduated with the Class of 1910.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Miss Avalon Crosby '42 has graduated from the Cambridge, Massachusetts Hospital School of Nursing and has affiliated herself with the Alexander-Eastman Hospital.

Miss Charlotte Merrill has been chosen to represent the Molly Reid Chapter, D. A. R., in the good citizenship pilgrimage contest. Miss Merrill is one of the regional winners, and will compete with five other winners on March 1. The winner will receive a four-day trip to Washington as a guest of the National society, D. A. R.

Miss Verna O'Brien '45 has received highest honors for the first semester at Westbrook Junior College.

Miss Lorna Swain '45 is on the Dean's List at Nasson College.

Miss Pauline Nelson '46 was among 31 students at Kathleen Dell School, initiated into Kapp Delta Sigma Sorority, an honorary secretarial society for excellence in proficiency and scholastic standing.

Foster Ball '40 and Sidney Gross '45 are on the Dean's List at the University of New Hampshire for the first semester.

Donald O'Conner, Roland Shackford, and Richard Kimball were chosen by the Senior class to take an examination to compete with other students from all over the country for the 121 four-year Pepsi-Cola Scholarships. These exams were given on Friday, February 14, and the winner will be announced April 18.

Mr. Robert Morrison has given a sum of \$50 to be expended at the rate of \$5 annually over a 10-year period. The award will go to the student who has shown the most improvement during the year, in the opinion of the Principal and the Faculty.

Crow Notes

After the long, cold winter, the Crow has finally thawed out and is ready to get back to his usual task of sitting on the Pinkerton steeple and watching the budding romances which always occur in the spring.

The Crow wishes to congratulate the Junior class on the excellent Prom. We hope that the two Freshman girls enjoyed the Southern fried chicken which they had with two Junior boys after the dance. We can't (Skip) their appreciation of the (Art) of Southern cooking.

While the Crow was brousing around the subways in Boston, it came upon two members of the Senior play cast who seemed to enjoy being lost in the maze of the big city of Boston. We wonder what Shep (Tink)s of the great big city, and most of all, the loneliness of the subways.

The Crow also wants to congratulate one of its bashful, lanky members on surviving the hike to Peppermint corner on the night of the Prom. He must have gone through a great deal not to be able to attend school on Monday.

The Senior class has two new members and both seem to be quite satisfied with the class. (Thayer) is no doubt that one of them has quite a few Pipe(r) dreams, but the other one's satisfied with just a (Shack).

The Crow has been flying around on the wing of LaPorte's cub plane and he now sees the object of his excursions. The vets certainly are familiar with those back roads. Maybe he's trying to learn a few when he gets his feet on the ground, who knows?

The Crow was flying around Hood's field and happened to see yellow wheels. He swooped down for further investigation and found it was a veteran's car. Maybe Cammie can give us more information, or maybe a little "Breeze" can tell us.

While the Crow was having a wonderful time at the Junior Prom, he spied our pretty blonde cheerleader and our star basketball player sneaking out early. Feeling a little guilty, but curious, he decided to follow them. It was a merry chase, and by 4:00 o'clock the next morning, he was so exhausted that he fell asleep while the couple said good night.

One Junior girl, while learning to drive, stalled in front of a Shell Station. While trying unsuccessfully to start the car, the (Goodheart)ed garage attendant came out and to save his face, the young gentlemen beside her had to use his last dollar to buy gas. Was his face "Red"!

The Crow has had a puzzle lately and has been in a (Harry) to find out about it. It seems that Miss Abbott was obliged to sit in the back of the bus coming home from Boston so that she could watch two blonde Seniors while he (Frieda) mind from her aching feet after a day in Boston. We're just wondering what our Senior Southerner is going to do now.

One of our Senior girls is having a very (Press)ing time trying to decide between all the glamorous Freshman boys and one particular Senior boy. The Crow hopes she decides before too long, because our class wit is fast getting popular.

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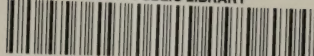
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